

THE DEMOCRAT

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TERRITORIAL TICKET

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ASSININE BULLETIN FAKE BULLETIN DARE NOT REPLY

QUEER ANTICS OF SOAP-BOX ORATORS

Once upon a time there were two children and, sad to relate, one was a little liar besides being piggish, and he told the other that there was rat-poison in a fine and appetizing cake, just so as to frighten the other child from eating any thereof. Wasn't that a naughty lie?

Now in our own time, right here in Honolulu, the Bulletin is trying to prevent the people from eating the splendid cake of Democratic administration by telling a fearfully weird and naughty fib about "secret clubs" and about the Democrats scheming in the dark to control Honolulu by boss-rule, graft and thuggery.

It is the last desperate move of an opponent, without any honest argument, to attempt to poison the minds of the voters of this community against voting the Democratic ticket; trying to frighten the people of this Island into swinging to the Republican standard.

In the first place, the Democrats have a right to work in secret clubs if they so desire, supposing they do, and they would not have to go further than the Republican administration for an example, for secrecy is a prominent characteristic of the machinations of the Republicans.

Republican employers are secret about discharging Democratic employes, for example. Oh, no; they do not always state that they discharge men for being Democrats, but they do discharge them for that reason sometimes, giving some other excuse, of course, trumped up or invented.

They are secret about the news, even, for the Republican papers actually suppress information of daily interest that would in any way appear to boost the Democratic cause. Newspapers which are supposed to give the news of daily events of importance actually ignore or suppress information concerning Democratic meetings, when hundreds of subscribers to the Advertiser, Star and Bulletin are Democrats and have a right to at least fair play in the news columns, no matter what may be said editorially.

When a Democratic report is printed, it is contorted, twisted out of all semblance of decent fairness. What is suppression and distortion in such a case if it is not a form of secrecy, cowardly secrecy at that? Fairness inspires respect and if there were more respect for some of the papers in this town their arguments might gain more ears.

The Bulletin howls in epileptic ecstasy that the bosses are coming and that King Graft is on his way to hold high carnival among the ruins of a corrupted community.

"Tammany!" shouts the Bulletin.

"Thugs!" bleats the vernal venal veal.

Oh, slush! to use a Bulletin editorial expression.

ANIMAL STORIES.

A Frog once gave an afternoon tea,
And invited a Rooster and a Bee;
Frog sat in the middle,
And gave them a riddle,
"And this is the riddle," said he:

"Dear Friends, can either of you tell me,

Why is a Rooster like a Bee?"

They both answered, "Yes, sir;

We're each a good guesser,

And we each have a comb, you see."

Under the easement the canine was howling,

His notes were both frequent and long.

"What sing you?" asked Towser, who that way came prowling,

Quoth canine: "'Tis a pup-ular song."

The Democrat has flatly accused the Bulletin of deliberate, unadulterated and inexcusable falsehood in that the venal afternoon sheet mentioned published a story to the effect that the Democrats were engaged in a deep, dark and mysterious plot to inaugurate a reign of graft in Honolulu. The Bulletin has not replied. The lie direct usually calls for a reply. The only reason that the Bulletin has not answered is that it dare not answer. And its failure to reply is a plain acknowledgment that it has lied.

There was never even a shadow of a foundation in fact for the lie. It was just a plain, vicious, uncalculated, common, every-day lie. It was a lie without the merit of wit — without the excuse of necessity. It was a lie such as the arrested drunk tells the police magistrate on the morning after.

The Bulletin dare not reply.

Has "Boss" McCandleless ever organized any broom and red-shirt brigades, such as existed under the infamous Andrews-Johnson-Brown reign? Talk about boss-rule—have the Democrats ever lined their men up and tagged them as did Sam Johnson, the Republican ward-heeler of Kakaako? It makes all the difference in the world whose ox is gored, doesn't it, Mr. Republican?



WADE WARREN THAYER
For City and County Attorney



M. E. SILVA
For Supervisor



SOLOMON MEHEULA
For Representative, 4th District.

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Best Bathing on the Beach Select, Popular
and Ideal.

W. C. BERGEN

Proprietor

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"The Two Jacks"